

# Bard

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# Bard

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**At any moment it all could end  
a book you picked up and never finished  
we don't know who did it or who dies  
who loves or loses but we know  
even through our fingertips sensing  
the sheer volume of the unread  
that something dies, someone  
comes through the door or falls  
from the sky. And that's enough.  
Because this too is coming to an end,  
all gone, you too, just the dropped book  
lying on the lawn, pages riffled in the wind.**

**11 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk**

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That's just like a sonata  
without the music  
and you wonder what words are for  
if they can wake the dead that way  
or sing the oriole from his branch.  
Then a Mercadante opera  
and you wonder some more, why  
have you never heard of him before  
when he's so good. When you are old  
the internet remembers everything.  
But what if they took the internet  
away? Who's they? The ones who  
gave it to us in the first place, more  
unknown geniuses, more Mercadantes.  
Remembers everything just enough  
maybe, coded in language easy  
with graceless translation machinery  
but there is so much to know.  
Such beauty. Don't even need  
music, everything is, every percept  
comes fast, stays slow, goes  
fast again and then is gone.  
That's just how the game is played.

11 June 2014, Cuttyhunk

## **ASPENS**

**We walk the picture  
you took yesterday.  
Walk the things we see,  
she saw, he wrote down  
in neums or crotchets.  
We walk the evident  
and come soon enough  
into the hidden place  
we read about all our  
lives, greendark, hard  
to find, so easy to go in.**

**11 June 2014, Cuttyhunk**

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**We all feel  
sunlight on our skin  
only the subtlest can  
feel moonlight there**

**tomorrow or the next  
the moon will be full  
let the skin sample  
that way to know**

**I say all this slow so  
that you can feel.**

**11 June 2014, Cuttyhunk**

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**And if one day the sea  
answers back. Threshold  
the door won't close  
the music's pouring in.**

**You prayed to the moon  
and it suddenly turned night.  
Every prayer gets answered.  
Not every answer makes sense.**

**There is guesswork to be done.  
mustangs tamed, mushrooms  
to be identified, the lame must  
walk. The sea must open its eyes.**

**11 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk**

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**I knew you were a good guy  
when you missed natural  
light most in your new city,  
no floundering Baudelaire-ling  
in easy schmooze with dunkelheit.**

**You chose. You blaze.  
The cars outside too  
run on sunlight, a million  
years old. What do drivers know?  
Ancient sunlight wishig us well.**

**11 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk**

## **CLIMATE CHANGE**

**Just catastrophes  
of shadow fallen**

**the old gods too  
have fallen**

**sprawling now  
across a stricken earth.**

**11 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk**



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Let me take them  
from the common world  
into Titania's  
boundless garden

those few of them  
whose souls dare make that  
journey into meaning—  
true or false

it is not my business to declare.  
But there they will be  
in brook and leaves,  
all of us at last together.

11 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk

## ICONOSTASIS

We live in images  
but are we images ourselves  
this ocean  
with the glass I thin I'm  
holding in my hand?

Imagism is realism—  
only the blind can see.

2.  
He said, considering. Take  
each sense away and what is left?  
He worries about these things,  
he is a pirate who's forgotten  
where he buried his treasure  
long ago, on whichever island  
longbefore he even was.

3.  
We live in magic  
and miss each other  
sitting in the same room.  
A painting of white  
flowers on the wall.

Wasn't there a man  
in Shakespeare who  
pretended to be a wall?  
And what did you say  
your name was?  
And what is it right now  
that the flowers are faded  
and brown and the wall is gone?

4.  
That's why I love the propositional,  
a sentence finds it hard to wither.

Any sentence is a thing  
the way not even a thing is.

I talked about this with Lutz  
Wittgenstein once and he agreed.

But what is agreement worth?  
And who are we to speak?

5.  
Say anything  
but say it firm,  
capital letter at the start  
and Levi's fine carbon  
point at the end.

**Say it. It is a thing  
you can play with,  
hurt yourself with,  
give it to your lover  
and make her cry.**

**6.  
Too many tears already  
in this narrative earth.  
Nobody smells exactly  
like you. Fact. The bird  
came so close you could hear  
wings through the window.**

**7.  
You have to use the hand  
your mother gave you—  
you can't write with your hair.  
You have to hold the image  
of someone in your heart  
and want them hard, so hard  
your flighty busy blood  
may get around to telling your breath.**

**12 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk**

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**Suppose it really is a cosmos,  
baby, lie an egg—  
are we the yellow or the white?**

**12.VI.14, Cuttyhunk**

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**Long before Saint Afternoon  
slows us down with her kindly  
Mediterranean radiance**

**there is a Natural Light  
tumbles out of darkness or  
does it rise up from the horizon**

**those lips of Someone Else  
to guide us slowly, just enough  
right now to read the word of the day.**

**13 June 2014. Cuttyhunk**

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**So where does anything come from  
a book on the moon  
waiting for a child to read**

**how far that public library  
is from his house, his  
breath the only bus thst goes there.**

**13 June 2014, Cuttyhunk**

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Sometimes at dusk  
the Device turning on  
with its chirpy little tune  
seems an alien animal  
friendly enough but scary  
by implication. A strange  
story about me comes out  
how I have to be another man,  
a child of pure contrivance.

13 June 2014, Cuttyhunk



**PERFORMANCE: QUAI D'ORSAY, MAY 2014**

**Courbet always gets you into trouble  
he did all his life, him with his daring  
to show things as he'd like them to  
be really as they are — slim divide  
between the real and the evident,  
his paint loaded with pubic hair  
denied as much as it revealed.  
Comes Deborah de Robertis to  
change all that, came in gold brocade  
just sat there and showed them  
spread-legged fingering the open secret  
against all the terrified authorities  
in detail the true origin of the world.**

**13 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk**

## **STORM**

**Birds race across the mind.  
Take care.  
All the work I've made  
made me.**

**I must inscribe it  
in the air itself  
where the light remembers  
everything ever said.**

**Poetry dies into weather,  
the ever-changing.  
The permanent  
conversation.**

**13 June 2014, Cuttyhunk**

## **SEEN IN DREAM**

**Everything came close.  
There were no voices  
though their faces moved  
their lips kept changing.  
I think there is a language  
spoken just by breathing in.**

**But narration is the thief of time.  
Occluded by reality the dream slept.**

**13 June 2014, Cuttyhunk**

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I seldom dream  
of people I know  
in waking life.

But the ones I dream  
I must know them,  
there they are,

with me, talking,  
doing, being  
as they are

each one distinct  
as anyone can be.  
Sometimes their

eyes last all day long.

13 June 2014  
Cuttyhunk

**13 June 2014**  
**Cuttyhunk**

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